



THE
Countesse of Pembrokes
 Emanuel.

*Conteining the Natiuity, Pas-
 sion, Buriall, and Resurrection
 of Christ: together with cer-
 taine Psalmes of David.*
 All in English Hex-
 ameters.

By ABRAHAM FRAYNCE.



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 William Ponsonby, dwelling in
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 signe of the Bishops
 head.





To the right excellent and most Honorable Lady,
the Lady Mary, Countesse of Pembroke.

*M*ary the best Mother sends her best Babe to a Mary:
Lord to a Ladies sight, and Christe to a Christian bearing.

Your Honors most
affectionate.

Abraham Fraunce.



The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

The Natiuity of Christ,

in ryming Hexameters.

Christe euer-lyuing, once dying, only triumph
Ouer death by death; Christe Iesus mighty redeemer
Of forelorne mankynde, which led captyuyty captiue,
And made thraldome thrall; whose grace and mercy defensue.
Mercyles and graces men sau'd; Christe liuely reuiuer
Of sowles oppressed with sin; Christe louely reporter
Of good-spell Gospell, Mayds son, celestial offspring,
Emanuel, Man-god, Messyas, euer abounding
With pity perpetuall, with pure loue, charity liuely,
This Christe shalbe my song, and my meditation only,
O euerlasting, æternall, euer-abyding,
Euer-lyuing Lord: O life, and stil-pity-taking,
Stil-quicknyng Spyrite, which causedst God to be manly,
That true-God true-man might soe cause man to be godly;
Graunt mee a sounding voyce to recount these funeral horrors,
Which made vs t'enioy those sweete celestial harbors.
And thou Babe stil-borne, borne always from the begynning,
Whose sweete byrth in skyes causd Angels for to be singing;
Looke, sweete Babe, from aboue, lend gracios eares to my prayers,
Soe shall these my lipps, this mouth, this tong, be thy prayfers.
When noe Sunne gaue light, noe Moone distinctly apered,
And noe twinckling starrs this lightsom *Olympus* adorned,
When noe world was made; then that most mighty *Iehona*,
That king omnipotent, that Lord and only *Monarcha*
Himself did meditate, enioyd his gloriouse essence,
Glorious, æternall, vnspeakable, infynit essence:

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Liu'd and lou'd himself, himself, felicity matchles,
All through all, chief good, chief blisse, perfection endles.
But this most good God, this simple Trinity blessed,
This most louing Lord, this three-fould Vnity sacred,
Would haue this goodnes manifest, this bounty declared,
This loue expressed, this wondrous mercy reuealed.
In tyme conuenient therefore, this world he created,

And it, a large Theater to behould his glory, apoynted.
Which when he had with store of treasures richly replenisht,
And with abundant grace causd euery part to be furnisht;
Man was made at length; *Adam* was lastly created,
Last woork, not least woork; *Adam* was dayntily framed,
Most perfect creature, and like to the mighty Creator,
Good, wise, immortall, of mankynde onely beginner.

But prowd ambition, but Serpent craftily cloaking
With curst bitter-sweete his cankred poyson abounding,
Adam dispossessd of pleasant beautiful harbors,
Adams hart possessd with most vnspcakable horrors:
Man was mard at length, *Adam* was fowly defaced,
Last woork, and lost woork, *Adam* was filthily fowled,
Most cursed creature, vnlyke to the mighty creator,
Bad, foolish, mortall, of mankinde only the murderer.

Yet that greatest God, pitying this fall of a sinner,
His manyfold mercies did againe most freely remember:
Gaue new grace to the world, and caused his only begotten,
Only beloued son to be sent vs downe fro the heauen:
Here to receaue our flesh, and here with thorns to be crowned,
Here to be mockt, to be whipt, and here at last to be muredred:
Muredred for mankynde, t'appease Gods infinit anger,
Guyltles for guylefull, man synles, for man a synner.

And now that good tyme, that ioyfull day was aproaching,
Which by the liuing Lord was apoynted from the beginning:
There was a man which came from *Danyds* progeny noble,

Called iust *Ioseph*, but dwelt in a place very simple,
Nazzareth it was nam'de: himself had lately betroathed
That most spotles spowse, that Mayden *Mary* renowned:
Whoe to be Christs mother was a chosen vessel apoynted,
And by an Angels voyce from God thus friendly saluted;

Hayle, ô sacred Nymph, of woemens company greatest,
Blest with abundant grace, to the blessed Trynity dearest.

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At these wondrous woords this mayde was somewhat abashed,
And did meruayle much, by an Angel strangely saluted,
Which when *Gabriel* once perceaued, he myldly replied,
Feare not blessed *Mary*, belecue, and stand not amased:
Blessed *Mary*, belecue, thou shalt be a mayd, be a mother,
Iesus thy son shall be a King, be a Lord, be a ruler:
Ruler, Lord, and King, almighty, without any ending,
His faythfull subiects with grace and mercy protecting.

Mary began thus againe: Good God, this seemeth a woonder,
How can a mayde conceaue? can a mayd vntutcht be a mother?
Gabryel added againe, this thy conception holy
Is not a woork of man, but Gods operation only.
Gods dyuine power shall woork this woonder vpon thee,
And therefore this chylde soe borne is son to the mighty,
Mighty triumphant Lord: this Lords dyuynyty dreadfull
Thy colyn *Elisabeth* made alsoe for to be fruytfull,
Which was barren afore: therfore geue eare to the Lords heast,
For there is noething impossible vnto the highest.

Mary resolu'd in mynde, this message firmly beleueed,
And submytts herself, by the Angells woords to be guyded.
Then soone after that, to the hylls of *Iury* shee hastned,
And there, *Elisabeth* greate with Chylde, sweetly saluted.
At which chearefull woords from blessed *Mary* proceeding
Elisabeths yong babe this sound very strangely receauing,
Sprang in wombe for ioy, cauld *Maryes* voyce to be sounding,
Elisabeth to reioyce, dumbe *Zachary* for to be speaking.

Mary, with her kinsfolk, three moonth's in *Iury* remayned,
And then blessed Nymph to her husband home shee returned,
Husband iust *Ioseph*, good man, whoe thought it a wonder,
That new wife, vnkown, vntutcht, should now be a mother.
Vnwilling therefore in publyke place to reprove her,
Good-natur'd *Ioseph* meant pryuyly for to renounce her.

This man thus manyng, in sleepe Gods Angel apeareed,
And with chearefull woords this message fryendly delyured,
Feare not, iust *Ioseph*, thy wife is a mayde, is a mother,
Pure, chaste, vnspotted, feare not therefore to receaue her.
This babe is Gods Chylde, this son coelestial of-spring,
Lambe of God, Gods heyre, ordeyned from the begynning
For to redeeme lost Sheepe, to be mankynds sole mediator,
For to releue poore sowles, to be mankynds mighty protector.

Ioseph

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Ioseph awak's from sleepe, Gods Angel he gladly obeyeth,
And his matchles mate, mayd, Mother, *Mary* receaueth.

In those dayes all warrs and vproares fully repressed,
Augustus Caesar cauld euery man to be taxed,
Taxed in each mans towne : then *Ioseph* quychly remoued
Vnto the blest *Beathleme*, and brought home *Mary* beloued;
Mary beloued he brought ; whoe there, when tyme was apoynted,
Was mayde, was Mother, was most dyuynely delyured,
Bare her first borne Chylde, and layd hym downe in a manger,
Wrapt in swadling cloaths, poore bed, for want of a better.

Seelly Shepheards by the night theyr flocks were waryly watching,
And fro the skyes they sawe strange brightnes mightly shynyng:
Downe to the ground they fall: but an Angel cheareful appeared,
And with ioyfull news theyr trembling harts he reuyued.
Feare not fryendly shepheards, for I bring good news from *Olympus*,
This day borne is a babe, his name is called *Iesus*,
Only Reconcylor, Mediator, mighty Redeemer,
Only the salue to the sick, and pardon free to the synner.
And take this for a signe : this babe is a sleepe in a manger,
Wrapt in swadlyng cloaths, sweete sowle, and cast in a corner.
Eu'n as he spake these woords, many thousands sweetly resounding
Immortall spyrites, coelestial harmony making,
Sang and praysed God, lyfting theyr voyce to the heauen,
For this ioyfull byrth, this blessed babe of a mayden,
Glory to God most high, good will to man, and to his of-spring,
Peace to the earth itself, and all that on earth is abyding.

Seelly Shepherds ran downe to behould theyr only redeemer,
And found all to be true, and sawe Christe layd in a manger.
Then they praysed God, most chereful company keeping,
And gaue lawd to the Lord, that gracios harmony making,
Glory to God most high, good will to man, and to his of-spring,
Peace to the earth itself, and all that on earth is abyding.
Soe that on euery syde, this glorius eccho resounded,
Glory to God most high, which man-kynde freely redeemed,
Freely redeem'd man-kynde, yet man-kynde dearely redeemed,
In that his owne deare sonne for man was freely delyu'ed.

O blessed byrth day, o starrs most luckyly shynyng,
O first day of ioy, and last of anoy to the of-spring
Of sinfull man-kynde, o greate compassion endles,
O loue still fayntles, pyty peareles, Charyty matchles.

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God that ruleth aboue in royall throane of *Olympus*,
Sent his blessed Babe, and only begotten among vs:
And fro the bowre of blisse did abase him downe to the manger,
For to reconcile vs, lost sheepe, that wandred in error.
Noemans tong can tell, nor noemans hart can imagin,
That th' æternall God, should thus take flesh of a Virgin.

Christe that in heauen sate with God most mighty coequal,
From the beginning crownd with grace and glory supernall,
This God's made to be man, this King is come fro the scepter,
This Christe is swaddled, this Lord is laid in a manger:
Christe whoe fills each place, (ô Christe how are wee beholding?)
Christe whome noe place holds, in soe small place is abiding;
Christe noe-way-conteind, Christ first, last, Christ the Creator,
Infinitt euery way, is now conteynd of a creature;
Christe noe-where-enclosd, Christe ender, Christe the beginner,
Euery-where, noe-where, is now enclosd in a corner.
And all this for man: soe that, where sin was abounding,
Grace did abound much more; as man was cause of a falling,
Man was a raiser againe; as man made deadly beginning,
Soe true God, true man did make most gracious ending.

Adam sinned first, and brought in death to reward it:
Christe by death kild death, and gaue his life to remoue it.
Adam lost Paradise, where pleasures earthly abyded;
Christe purchast heauen, where treasures greater abounded.
Serpent wyly beguyld *Adam*, by the meanes of a woeman;
Serpents head was bruisd by Christe, by the meanes of a woeman.
Aspyring *Adam* was quite cast downe to the dareknes,
Humble-minded Christe hath lifted vs vp to the brightnes
Of stil lasting light, to the ioyful face, to the presence
Of God, there to behold his sacred ineffable essence.

Sing then, friendly Shepherds, and lift your voyce to the heauen,
Glory to God most high, for blessed Babe of a Mayden.
Whom neither *Sathan* could daunt, nor company hellish,
Nor raging Pharisees, nor deaths vnspeakable anguish:
Who by the crosse, by the nayles, by the spear, by the thorns, by the whip-
Passed aloft to the skies, and there in ioy is abyding: (ping,
Whoe by the whips, by the thorns, by the speare, by the nayles, by the
Lifted vs vp to the skies, with his Angels stil to be dwelling. (crossing,
Whoe to be blest, was curst; whoe gaue himself for a ransome,
Whoe by the Crosse crost death, by death obteynd vs a Kingdome.

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Whose incessant pangs, whose grief and agony restless,
Whose bloody sweate did cause our sinfull soules to be spotles.

Sing then, friendly Shepherds, and Angels all be a singing:
Come fro the East, you Kings, and make acceptable offring:
Come fro the East by the light of a blessed starre that apeareth,
And to the King of Iews your footesteps rightly directeth.
Loe, here lyes your Lord, bow downe, make peaceable offring,
Gold to the golden Babe, of golden time the beginning;
Franckencense and Myrrhe, to be sweete perfumes to the sweetest
Chylde, that sweete sacrifice, acceptable vnto the highest,
Sweete-smelling sacrifice, once offered only for euer
For t'appease Gods wrath and his most insupportable anger.

Home to the East, you Kings, and bring this news to the godly,
God suffreth for man, guyltles condemn'd for a guilty:
Home to the East, you Kings, and tell this abroad for a wonder,
Wee haue seene that Babe of a Virgin, layd in a manger:
Home to the East you Kings, and shew that mighty resounding
Of those sweete Angels coelestial harmony making:
Tell this abroad for a truth, and think, that from the beginning,
Noe such sight to an eye, noe such sound came to a hearing.
Backe to the East, you Kings, but back by a contrary passage,
Least ye be partakers of a most vnmerciful outrage.

And get away *Ioseph*, get away, and haste thee to *Egypt*,
Herode seekes thy sonne to be murdered, not to be worshipt:
Merciles *Herodes* to be sole and only triumphant,
Seeking one infant, wil murder a number of infants.
Beathlem's red with blood, sweete sucklings blood that abounded,
Beathlem's white with bones, babes bones all woefully scattred.
Childles mothers mourne, and howle with watery countnance,
All crye out for grief, and all crye out for a vengeance:
Vengeance light on a woolf, vengeance and plagues on a tyger,
Vengeance on this beast, vengeance on this bloody butcher.

And, when he thought his throane with firme felicity grounded,
And his senseles soule with most security flattred,
Vengeance lights on a woolf, vengeance and plagues on a tyger,
Vengeance on that beast, vengeance on that bloody butcher.
Lyce did suck his blood, which first was cause of a bloodshed,
Vermyne tore his flesh, which babes flesh made to be mangled.
Soe let such men fare, that take a delight to be murdring,
Christs curse light on his head, that Christs flock lous to be spoyling.

Now

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Now come back *Ioseph*: but come not nere bloody *Iury*,
Fly fro the butchers broode, let *Nazzareth* only receaue thee.
There shall thy deare Chylde in yeares and wit be a growing,
And with guifts of grace, with supream glory abounding.
Thence shall thy deare Chylde to the Church of God be repairing,
And doating Doctors and Priests diuinely reproving:
Thinck not much therefore, if threedayes there hee abyded,
Father on earth must yeelde, whylst Father in heu'n is obeyed.

And now *Iohn* that sprang in mothers wombe, was a preaching,
Teaching, baptizing, and Christs wayes duely preparing.

When this *Iohn* Christs head with water duly besprinkled,
And Christe from *Jordan* was now but newly remoued,
Sacred Ghost fro the skies flew downe all loucly to Christs head,
And in forme of a Doue itself there sweetly reposed:
Then fro the heu'ns these woords with chereful glory resounded,
Thou art my deare chylde, in whome I doe meane to be pleased.
And forerunning *Iohn*, *Iohn Baptist* daily reporteth,
Christe to be Lamb of God, that sins with mercy remoueth.

At these wondrous news th'old Serpent deadly repyned,
And the renowned fame of Christe extremely malignant,
Fearing this to be that great sou'raigne lordly *Monarcha*,
Sin-par'dning *Iesus*, foretold long since by *Sybilla*:
And he remembred well, what plagues were duly denounced,
When greate grand-dame *Eue* with a bitter sweete he beguyled.
Therefore now he begins, and takes occasion offred,
When fouretimes ten dayes from meate and drinck he refrained,
And in desert kept: he begins him thus to be tempting,
With colored friendship concealed treachery cloaking.

Shall the coaternall and consubstantial offspring
Of God, so many dayes, and so many nights be a fasting?
Shall those purpled cheekes, which earst so cheareful apeared,
Looke thus pale and wan, with toomuch penury pinched?
Make these stones to be bread; for I know, if Sonne to the Thundrer
Speake but a woord; its doone: let cretures serue the Creator.

But when he heard of Christe, that grace from mighty *Iehoua*
Strengthened more than bread, and fed man more than a *Manna*,
Then with a new stratageme to the Templs towre he repayred,
And Christe (soe Christe would) on a pynacle high he reposed,
Saying; Leape to the ground, if thou be the Sonne to the Mighty,
Thy Fathers Angels are prest at an inch to receaue thee.

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Yet when he heard Christe say, that God was not to be tempted,
And that hee alwayes had foolehardy presumption hated,
Sith both thise proou'd naught, last cast hee began to be prouing,
And with spitefull rage, his latestt part to be playing :
For when hee had brought Christe, by Christis permission only,
Vnto a huge mountaine, which gaue full view to the glory
Of world and worlds wealth : World and worlds wealth wil I giue thee,
Sayd this damned fiend, if thou wilt learne to obey mee.

Here Christe with iust zeale and indignation vrged,
That malapert rashnes with these woords boldly rebuked ;
Get thee away Sathan to the burning lake of *Aernus*,
Woorship alone is due to the sou'raigne Lord of *Olympus*.

Then with dead despaire Christe too well knowne hee relinquishd,
Sith that hee saw himself and all his villany vanquishd.

Lying Serpent thus confounded ; an Angel appeared,
And long-fasting Christe with chearefull foode he refreshed.

Thenceforth Christe his life was nothings els but a teaching,
Preaching, and working of woonders woorthy the woondring.
Sicke are whole, lame goe, dumbe speake, blynde see the Redeemer,
Hearing's giu'n to the deafe, and clenfed skynne to the leaper.
Netts eu'n burst with fish, and full boates gin to be sincking,
Water made to be wyne makes brydegroome greatly reioycing,
Wyndes are whist with a woord, and blustering storms be repressed,
And foaming seaes waues to a firme walk mightily changed.

Diu'ls roare out for feare, and haste their heavy departure:
Which tormented men with tootoo woeful a torture.

Fiue loaues, twoo fishes, fiue thousand fully refreshed,
Yet twelue baskets full with broaken meate be reserued.
Seu'n loaues, feaw fishes, foure thousand fully refreshed,
Yet seu'n baskets fyld with broaken meate be reserued.

Elias came downe to behold life-gimer *Iesus*,

And *Moses* rose vp, to behold soule-sauer *Iesus*,

His face shyn'de as sunne : himself transform'd in a moment ;

Surpassing brightnes did stand in steede of a garment,
Mount *Taber* glistred : sweete voyce came downe from *Olympus*,

Heare my beloued sonne, my dearely beloued *Iesus*.

Yea, dead men lyued : yet Iewes causd him to be dying,

Whoe raisd *Lazarus* vp, whoe dead *Gyrl* made to be lyuing.



The Pafsion, Buryall, and Refurrection of Chrifte.

Chrifte, whose blessed byrth causd' Angels for to be singing;
Chrifte, whose louing life forst diu'ls themselvs to be wondryng,
Chrifte, whose bitter death made templs vayle to be rentyng,
Grau's to be op'nyng, earth to be quaking, heu'ns to be lowring,
Geue mee the grace, sweete Chrifte, since euery thing is a mournyng,
For to recount these pangs, this crosse, this death by my mournyng,

When that apoynted fight, that feareful combat aproached,
Fight with pangs of death, and hells vnsuffrable horrors,
Combat with mans syns, and Gods vnspeakable anger,
Then cursed' capten *Caiphas* with his hellish adherents:
Contryued platforms, conspyred ioyntly togeather:
For to betray that man which was mans only redeemer.

Yf that he hould on thus such wonders stil to be working,
Then farewell Pharisees, with Scribes, and onely renowned
High Priests; and therefore its more than tyme to preuent hym:
Yet forbear for a while, till solempne feast's be determynd,
Least this strange murder may chaunce to be cause of an vproare.
O dyuine, doctours, deuout Priests, woorthy protectors
Of *Salomons* temple, good graybeards, that for a feast day
Can vouchsaufe to delay this murder, this bloody outrage,
Not for loue of God; but for this feare of an vproare.

But Chrifte foreknowing theyr treachery, came to the leper
Lepser *Symons* howse in *Bethany*: where when he supped,
Mary, (remembring how herself was lately released:

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From seu'n tormenters) kneeld downe to her only redeemer,
Washte his blessed feete with trickling teares that abounded,
Wyp'te hys blessed feete with her hayre that sweetly besceemed,
Kys't his blessed feete; and heade, and feete then anoynted
With precious sweete balme, with most odoriferus oyntment.

But that most cursed caytiue, that greedy deuouring
Murdrer, cutthroate, thiefe, with his hellish treason abounding
Judas Iscariot, flub bent to the bag, to the budgett,
Gan to repyne and grudge, that this soe costly an oyntment
Was thus wasted away, which might haue beene by the purser
Sould and geu'n to the poore: but alas this traiterus abiect
Meant t'enrich hymself, and not to be good to the needy,
As by his accursed stratagems it playnly appeared.

For, when hee lost this pray, his master he deadly maligned,
And balme box broaken brake *Judas* hart full of enuy,
Damnable, infernall, outragius, horrible enuy:
Soe that noe myschief, noe part of a theefe, or a murdrer
Was by the vile reprobate, by the damned villen omytted,
Vntil hee had this losse, as hee tooke it, fully recou'ed,
Vntil hee had for gaine his master falsly betrayed.

Christe fro the mount *Olyuet* with an asse coms seellyly ryding,
Poorely, without any pompe, to the pompous cytty repaying,
Some with flowring bowes his waves had freshly adorned,
Some with fragrant flowres his passage sweetly prepared,
Some cauld theyr garments by the highe way side to be scattred,
Euery man cry'de out with chearefull voyce to the heauens,
Hosanna sweete ympe of *Davids* gracijs of-spring,
Hosanna to the King almighty of *Israel* holy,
Hosanna to the Lord of Lords, to the prince of *Olympus*,
Soe that on euery syde, *Hosanna* sweetly resounded,
And sweete *Hosanna* from rocks with an eccho rebounded.

Yt was a plague to the Priests, to the fatbely Priests to behould this,
Yt was a death to the Scribes, to the scraping Scribes to abyde this,
Yt was a hell to the prowd Pharisees for a truth to belecue this;
Yet, t'was a ioy to the yong and ould, for a truth to report this.

And for a truth, both yong and ould went straight to the temple,
Straight to the temple went with Iesus seellyly ryding,
And yet on his poore asse with a princelyke glory triumphing.

Into the Church when hee came more lyke to a fayre or a market,
Then *Salomons* temple such chapmen hee quickly remoued,

Ouerturned

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Ouerturnd theyr seates, and tables iustly de'aced,
His fathers orders, and seruice rightly reuyued:
But to the prowd Pharisees, to the scraping Scribes, to the fatt Priests
It was more then a plague, then a death, then a hell to behould this.

Therefore once yet againe themselues they gyn to be styrring
For t'entrappe Iesus: but loe, whil'st this was a woorking,
In comes that cutthroate, that thiefe, yet freshly remembring
How th'Alabaster box of balme his greedy deuowring
Clawes escaped afore: and then to the company hellish,
And Sathans synagogue, his murdring mynde he reuealed.

Hayle sacred *Cayphas*, chiefe Priest, and mighty Protector
Of Iewish customes, and Hebriews laudable orders:
Hayle Scribes and Pharisees, that teach and preach the renowned
Doctrine of *Moses*: geue care and mark what I tell you.

This wandryng vpstart ypocrite, this *Christus, Iesus*,
Man, God, I know not what, doth abuse and dayly deceaue vs,
Vs fooles his folowers; and mee vnworthyly hating.
Chiefly of all others with slaundrous taunts he reuyleth.
And yet I could forget this abuse and iniury priuate,
But that by these meanes he begins t'aspire to the scepter.
For, what a sedition, what a styrr doth hee make, what an vproare?
And what a sort be before, what a trayne comes dayly behynde hym?
His woonders woondring, his doctrine vaynly beleeuing,
His wayes with fresh flowres and branches dayntyly dressing,
His delicate fine feete with balmes most costly anoynting,
His royall person with tytles princely saluting,
His foamyng palfray with rich robes gayly bedecking,
Hosanna singing, and each where freely triumphing?
Yf that I bring hym bound, and foe cause all to be ended,
And people quyeted, say on, what shalbe my guerdon?
What shal I haue? for I serue but a snudg, and am but a begger.

Hereat *Caiphas* smylde, and *Jews* all greatly reioyced;
And of theyr syluer, they peeeces thyrty apoynted.
For this vile butcher, which causd that Lambe to be slaughtred.

These things dispatched, those fathers ghostly departed,
Counsell's dissolued: *Judas* back slyly returned.

Christe with a curse by the way (most fearful signe to the faythles)
That fruyteles figgtree causd euermore to be fruytles.

Christe rose from table (most perfect signe of a meeke hart)
And walsht his fryends feete, teaching them for to be lowely.

Christe

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Christe foretould his death (most doubtles signe of a true God)
And did note to the rest, that shameles desperat outcast.
But woe woe to the wretch, but alas woe woe to the traytor,
Better he were not borne, then borne to a damnable horror.

Christe tooke bread and wyne (most sacred signes to the faythful)
And gaue thancks to the Lord, and brake and gaue it among them,
Most cherefull sacrament, most loue and lyuly remembrance
Of Christ his body crost, and blood shed freely for all men.

And now that Renegate that damned Apostata *Iudas*
Coms to the Priest *Caiphas*, and there his brybe he receaueth,
Brybe for blood, Lambs blood, Gods Lambe: and bringeth a great rowte
Of swearing cutters and souldiers duely prepared,
With lynckes and lanterns, with swerds and staues for an onsett,
Marching all in aray in due and martial order,
As though some fyeld were to be fought, or king to be conquer'd:
Whereas alas noeman was there with force to resist them,
But some fewe fishers, and theyr poore mayster *Iesum*.

O valyant *Iudas*, of a warlike company capten:
These be the synners plagues, these these be rewards to the wicked,
That not a mouse can creepe, not a leafe can shake, not a wynde blowe,
But theyr sowls with syn, theyr mynds with murder aboundyng.
Stil be a trembling, stil be a quiering, stil be a quaking,
Quaking stil for dreede and feare of an hasty reuenging
Afterclapp to be giu'n by the thundring Prince o. *Olympus*.

Christe after supper, gaue thancks, rose vp fro the table,
Came to the mount *Olyuete*; then these woords graciouly vtred;
My faythfull folowers and fryends, my dearly beloued
And best companyons; this night you shalbe molested,
And sore offended, to behould some villanies offred:
For soe t'was written long since, and truly reuealed,
That your fryendly shepherd must needs at last be remoued,
And his Sheepe scattred, wandring for want of a sheepsman.
But faythfull folowers and fryends, but dearly beloued
And best companyons, your mayster shalbe reuiued,
And by death kill death, and ouer death be triumphing,
His faythfull folowers visyting, his dearely beloued
And best companyons and fryends in *Galyly* seeing.

Scarce had he sayd thus much: but *Peter* stowtly replyed;
Not soe, sweete Master, though euery man be amased,
Euery man fly back, yet *Peter*'s fully resolu'd.

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

For noe loue of life, noe feare of death to be startyng :
Great woords, small woonders : But Iesus gaue hym a watch-woord,
His weaknes knowing, his rashnes meekly rebuking,
And sayd : Poore *Peeter*, pray, and leaue off thy protesting,
This night quickly, for all thy stowt and manly presuming,
Ere that a Cock crow twise, thou shalt thrice flatly deny mee.

And now when that night, that dreadfull night was aproaching,
Christe did watch hymselfe, and wyld hys friends to be watching,
Christe prayd thrice hymselfe, and wyld his friends to be praying,
Christe with fearefull pangs, and dropps of blood was abounding,
Christe fell flat to the ground, and witht that cup to be passing,
(Yet not his owne conceipt, but Fathers will stil obeying)
Christe at length came back, and found his friends to be sleeping :
Come, let's goe (quoth hee) now, its more than tyme to be styrring,
Loe here com's *Iudas*, with a cursed kisse to betray mee.

Eu'n as hee spake these woords, that martial army appeared,
Lynkes gaue light to the night, and causd their swoords to be glistring,
And fore-man *Iudas* for a guyde went iollyly marching,
That vile vipers kisse, for a signe and token apoynting.
Then with a brazen face, past grace, Christe Iesus he kissed,
And sayd, *Hayle Mayster*; to the which Christe mildly replied,
Friend, Wherefore comst thou? But *Peeter* rashly reuenging
Christs disgrace, as he thought, who first came, first he requited;
And *Malchus* right eare from his head with a swoord hee diuided.

Whoso strikes with a swoord, with a swoord must looke to be stricken,
And blood seekes for blood : Stay *Peeter*, learne to be lowly,
If that I meant to reuenge, sayd Christe, and make a resistance,
Could not I ten thousand Angells haue quickly procured,
Whose strength these forces might haue most easily daunted?
But then my Fathers edict should not be obeyed,
And scriptures verifide : This spoken, he strangely refixed
Malchus his eare to his head : O meeknes, charity, mildnes,
Of true God, true man, long suffering, infinit, endles :
This was enough t' haue causd brute beasts themselues to be tamed,
Ragged rocks to relent, and harts of flynt to be yeelding.

This done: Whom doe yee seeke, quoth Christe? To the which the re-
Craking swashbuklers, like meeke and humble obeyssants (now med
Their mouth's scarce op'ning, sayd thus : Wee seeke for *Iesus*.
Then, quoth Christe, *He is heere* : which words diuinely proceeding
From that sacred mouth, causd *Iudas* fowle to be trembling,

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Theyr captens quaking, and euery man to be reeling,
And falling backward to the grownd, extreame amased,
Lyke to a towre throwne downe by the roaring crash of a thunder,
Or to a man that's scorcht by the feareful flash of a lightning.

Christ for a while conceales that greate dyuynity dreadful,
Stayes that breath which makes heu'n, earth, and hell to be quaking,
Geu's them leaue to arise, and then more myldly demandeth,
Whom doe yce seeke? *Iesus*, say they, of *Nazareth* only.

Haue not I sayd, he was here, quoth Christ? What need's any further
Search? What neede yce to bring swerds, staues, and armor about you?

As though some famous thiefe, or notorius owtlaw

Were to be suppressed? did I not walk dayly among you?

Did not I day by day teach, preach, and woork many woonders?

Then might your Ealders and Scribes haue sought to repress me.

But the prefixed tyme, the predestinat howre was apoynted,

And this is it: Therefore my Fathers Will be obeyed,

Noeman shall withstand, noeman shall make any stryuing:

Loe here take *Iesus*: But these, must not be arested,

Let them alone for a while, till greater things be reuealed.

Christ then caught and bound; his fryends with terror amased,

Euery man fled back, as Sheepe that wanted a sheepesman,

Or vanquisht souldyers disperst for want of a Capten.

Whoe can alas that night, that cursed night of a thowсанд,

Those woorks of dareknes, that mockery, villany, treason,

Those byndings, beatings, spyttings, and fylthy reuylings

Counteruayle with woords, or thoughts, or streames of abounding

And still trickling teares? They brought hym bound to the high Priest,

Late high Priest *Annas*, sage Father, whoe for a pastyme,

Disdaine full pastime, not for deuotion, asked

Christ many ydle toyes and fond, not worthy the hearing,

Of fishmen folowers, and poore contemptible abiects,

Of newfound doctrine on brainesick fantasy grownded.

All that I spake, sayd Christe, was spoken abroad to the whole world,

All that I taught was taught in temple, among many thowсандs,

In corners not a woord, in secreat place not a woonder,

They can tell what I taught, what I wrought, let them be reporters,

Ask them. What Iack sawce, quoth a blewcoate knaue, be yce thus taught

With noe more reuerence and humble duty to awnswere

This reuerend Father? learne, and take this for a lesson:

Soc from a woord to a blow, with a finfull fyfte hee defyled

That

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emend.

That synles sweete mouth, which these woords peaceably vttered;
Fryend, if I haue sayd yll, beare witnes, let mee be punished,
Yt but well, why then doest thou vnworthyly stryke mee?

Here any man might thinck, that Christ thus fowly abused,
Should haue bene pytyed, should haue bene fryendly releued
Of this sage Father: but alas, tis an *Ass*, not an *Annas*,
And sends Christ to the chiefe of theyre good company *Caiphas*.

Scarce was hee come to the howse, but anone they fall to reuylings,
Here's that princely Prophete, that towld vs soemany tydings,
Here is Gods owne Sonne, that wrought vs soemany wonders,
Famous carpet knight, and pardonor only renowned,
Sorcerer, inchaunter, taleteller, noble abuser
Offfooles and matrones, that casts out diu'ls by the diu'ls help,
Plucks downe Gods temple with a trice, and buyldeth a better
Only within three dayes: as twooe rogues falsly suborned,
Hyr'de by the owld hyrelings, had most vnruly deposed.

Then good Syr *Caiphas*, with greate integryty asked,
What sayst thou feallow, to the crymes obiected against thee?
Christ sayd iust nothing, his danined iniquity loathing.

Caiphas gan to be hoate, and tooke on lyke to a Prellate,
And coniuring Christe, charg'd hym by the mystry sacred
Of Gods dreadfull name, to declare it playnly among them,
Wheather he were that Christe, Gods Sonne, borne from the begynnyng;

Thou hast sayd, quoth Christe, yet marck what further I tell you:
You shall see this Christ sitting on a mighty tribunall,
On Gods owne right hand, in clouds with glory apearng.

Then that puffed-up Priest from a badman, turnd to a madman,
Rent his robes in a rage, and, Blasphemy, blasphemy, roared,
What doe wee seeke for proofes hereof, what need any wytnes?
Our selus haue heard all, hymself hath playnly reueald all.
What's to be herein doone? or what, doe ye thinck, he deserueth?
Death, sayd euery man, Death, death with an eccho rebounded.

Then those lewd rakehells with poysoned rankor abounding,
His sweete face, ô griefe, with spyttle fylthy defyled,
His bloody cheeks, ô hell, with buffetts all to be bruyfed,
Some stroake him blindfyeld, and then thus scornefully taunted,
Now, good Christe arread, and gesse whoe gaue thee the buffet?

Peeter saw all this, *Peeter* that manly protester,
Peeter styr'd not a foote; *Peeter* that mighty protector,
Peeter, stowt *Peeter*, by a gyrl, by a paltery damsell

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Is dafht, is vanquishd, forsakes his Mayster *Iesus*,
Thrice forsakes, and twice fore-sweares his Mayster *Iesus*.

And now Cock gan crow, and giu's him a friendly *Memento*,
That mans flesh is frayle, that man's but a smoke, but a vapor,
His pride nought but dust, and all his glory, but ashes.

Peeter in his cursing heard this Cock chearefully chaunting,
And saw *Christe* then a sharp soule-searching sight to be turning,
Yet with a louely regard, with a merciful eye to be looking.
Euery eye was a bowe, and euery looke was an arrow,
Eye and eye-arrow pierst *Peeters* hart in a moment,
Peeters hart and fowle: and there inflicted a deepe wound,
So deepe wound, that it had been no way possibly cured,
Were not his owne soules-wound with his owne teares all to bewashed.

Now he remembreth alas, his first foole-hardy presuming,
Now he detesteth alas, his last vnfriendly reuolting:
Now that wan countnance, which feare of death had apaled,
All on a fire is set for shame of duty neglected,
Sith that blood, fro the face to the hart which lately retyred,
Back fro the hart to the face with speede is freshly repayed.
Now his maysters eyes in his eyes are euer apearng,
And therein doth he seeme his whole offence to be reading.
Now Cock crowes in his eares, and calls foorth day to be wytnes,
Wytnes of euery woord that *Peeter* spake to the darcknes.
Cock with an open mouth, and lowd voyce bowldly proclaymeth,
That bragging seruant his mayster cowlldly renounceth.
Euery sight, each sound, iust accusation offreth,
And self-wounding fowle, self-condemnation vrgeth.
Noe rest, noe harts-ease: now loathed lyfe he detested
More, yea much more now, than death at first he abhorred.

Lyfe, let *Peeter* dye; lyfe, leaue to be dayly prolonging
These my dolefull dayes, least lyfe soone draw'n to an ending
Cause me to loose that lyfe, which neuer leaues to be lasting.
This frayle life, smale broyles and shortest iarres to be shunning,
Made me the greatest ioyes and endles peace to be leauing,
Made me deny my Lord, of lasting lyfe the begynnyng,
Made me renounce sweete life, for a foolish feare to be dying.
Lyfe let *Peeter* dye: many dayes heape on many mischifs.
Blessed were those babes that dy'de, when merciles *Herode*
Seeking one chyldes death, many Mothers made to be chyldes;
Blessed, most blessed chyldren, whose tymely departure

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Parted theyr sweete sowles from such, and soemany thousand
Woes, who dyed afore they knew what t'was to be synning,
And fro the damnable earth to the highest heau'ns be remoued,
Lyke to a Lilly, before it chaunce by the frost to be nipped.
They, in stead of mouths, theyre throates then sweetely did open,
And, for want of woords, pow'd forth theyr blood to the heauen.
O straunge thing, these babes are now with glory triumphing,
Which yet neuer afore did taste any part of a fighting:
Theyr yong heads with crownes of Martyrdome be adorned,
Ere any tender lockes had theyre heads sweetly bedecked:
Yea, theyr feete, that on earth were neuer seene to be treading,
Walk in *Olympus* now, and there in ioy be abiding.
But *Peeters* gray heares, draw graceles face to the graues-dore,
Peeters long lying, makes *Peeters* sowe to be doating,
Peeter lyu's, yea lyu's to deny his mayster *Iesus*,
Lyu's, yea lyu's to renounce his lord and mayster *Iesus*,
Lyu's, and yet forsakes, forswears lyfe-geauer *Iesus*.
Christe, who might commaund that gloriouse hoaste of *Olympus*,
Those spotles spirites, those euer-dutiful angels,
Sought, found, and tooke vs from soemany, soemany thousand's,
Vs ragged fishers, from soemany, soemany thousand's,
Vs poore, poorest sowles of soemany, soemany thousand's.
Yet we alas his lotte haue most vnlowely rewarded,
And this most kinde Christe haue most vnkindly requited,
Wee, most cursed crewe, of soemany, soemany thousand's,
Wee, worst vipers broode, of soemany, soemany thousand's,
Wee, the detestedst twelue, of soemany, soemany thousand's.
One with a cursed kisse his deare Lord falsly betrayed,
Ten fled back for feare, when death and danger approached,
And I, the worst of twelue, yea after soemany greates woords,
Least, forsooke, forswore, Lord, Sou'raigne, Mayster *Iesus*.

Why!st poore *Peeter* thus with mynde extreamely molested,
With deepe sobbs and sighs, with streames of teares that abounded,
Washed away those spotts, and most syncearely repented,
Mornyng came at last, and then those damnable ow'tcasts
That condemned Christe, did bring hym bound to be slaughtred,
Bound, brayd, and beaten to the *Romayne* Deputy *Pilate*,
Pilate, who for a Iudg of lyfe and death was apoynted.

In meane tyme, *Iudas* possesst with desperat horrors,
Clogd with a synfull sowe, with a dogged deadly repentance,

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Coms with his afterclapps, when he see's his mayster *Iesus*
Thus condemnd to the death, and runs in a rage to the high Priests,
Saying, Synned I haue, that guyltles blood to betray thus.
Yf thou haue synned, say they, looke thou to be plagued,
What care wee for that? w' haue kept tutch, giu'n thee thy wages.

That woefull wages drew my destruction onward,
That graceles guerdon my death vntymely procured,
That brybe bred my bane: Take there your Mamon among you,
Take back your bloody brybe: soe threw theyr syluer among them:
And flinging headlong, enrag'de with an helish *Erynnis*,
Hangd hymself on a tree: fit death for treachery faythles:
His loathed carkas was an ougly detestable obiekt,
Spectacle infamous, most fearefull sighte to the people,
With gutts gushing forth, wyth bowells broken asunder.

Loe here, you Traytors, your treasons iustly rewarded,
Your Mayster *Iudas* himself hath rightly requyted:
Your Mayster *Iudas* dealt soe, that now to the worlds end
Of that name *Iudas*, each traytor's named a *Iudas*,
Euery faythles fryend from that tyme's called a *Iudas*.

Marck *Peeters* weakenes, marck *Iudas* villany, fly from
Both dead despayring, and too much hasty presumyng.
Peeter started asyde for feare of death, with a faynt harte,
Iudas slyded back for lone of a bribe, with a false harte:
Peeter by and by wept sore and truly repented,
Iudas neuer againe came home, but deadly repyned.

Iudas thus bursting, highe Priests and Scribes be amased,
And consulting long, at last they fully resolved,
With that cursed coyne some peace of ground to be buying,
For straungers buryall, with a fayned sanctyty cloaking
That cursed bloodshed, that most vnnatural owtrage.
Soe this pryce of blood was payd for a fyeld of a potter,
Called a fyeld of blood, for a signe of this bloody murder.

Christ is brought to the barr: sir *Pilate* sits as a bencher,
Priests be his accusers: many captall crymes, many treasons,
And many seditions were there objected against him.
Soe much sayd, nought prou'd; Christ standing seellyly sylent,
By smoothing *Pilates* commaunde was sent to the Tetrarche,
Herodes Tetrarche of *Galyly*, there to be iudged,
Sith Christ seem'd to belong t' his Iurisdiction only.

Herode greatly reioyst, and looked for many woonders

When

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

When Christe came : But Christe with sylence wysely rebuked
This Tetrarchs tatling, and Priests vnruely reuylings.

Herode contemn'd Christe, when hee saw noe hope of a wonder,
Sent hym back for a foole, to the first iudg deputy *Pilate*,
All in a long whyte coate, for a scornfull mockery cloathed.
Thus poore Christ, meeke lambe was tost fro the poast to the piller,
Wandering here and there, hence thence fro the Woolf to the slaughter.

Pilate seeing Christ fro the Tetrarch saufly retorned,
Spake to the Priests and Scribes : This man seem's stil to be guyltles,
Herode sends him back : its best hee be whipt for a frantike,
And soe loost at large : for I know you looke for a prisner
At this feast, of course : say then, whoe shalbe released?
Barrabas, or Iesus ? What needest thou to be asking
O pytyfull *Pilate* ? thou know'st, theyr only desyring
Is t'haue Christ muredred ; thou giust this lambe to the wolus iawes.
Kill, kill Christ, say they, and geue vs *Barrabas* only.
(*Barrabas*, in theeuing and murthering, barbarus owtlaw.)

Then people pleasing *Pilate*, caus'd Christ to be scourged,
And in a scornfull sort to the *Jews* to be newly produced,
But kill, kill, they cry, and crucify, crucify *Iesus*.

Pilate seeing Christe by the souldyers all to be scourged,
Caus'd him then for a mock with a crowne of thorns to be crowned,
With royall garments and robes of purple adorned,
And in a throane placed, with a reede in his hand for a scepter.
Some mockt, some spytte, some kneeld and synely saluted,
Hayle O King of *Jews*, for fame and glory renowned.
Some with his owne scepter that sweete face all to be bruyfed,
Euery one tooke paynes, that noe paynes might be omitted,
Noeman spar'd any cost, least Christ might ehaunce to be spared :
Yet this was not enough, t'appease theyr villany monstrous,
But kill, kill, they cry, and crucify, crucify *Iesus*.

Pilates wife in a dreame with Christ then greatly molested,
Perswades her good man for feare, that he might be released :
Yet noe dreames would serue t'appease theyr villany monstrous,
But kill, kill, they cry, and crucify, crucify *Iesus*.

Then iust iudg *Pilate* in an open shew to the people,
His pure hands forsooth, with greate solempnyty washed,
Thincking soe fro the guylt of guyltles blood to be quytted :
Noe wynde, noe water, could stay theyr villany monstrous,
Bur, kill, kill, they cry, and crucify, crucify *Iesus*.

Crucify

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Crucify coofnyng Chrifte, his death and blood be requyted
On *Jews* that now lyue, and Iewish progeny after.

Casars faythfull fryend can abyde noe Kyng but a *Casar*,
Therefore looke *Pilate*, that this King soone be remoued.

Chrifte in his owne coate now to the *Jews* was lastly presented,
And by *Pilates* doome (deaths doome) giu'n vp to be crossed :
Whose Crosse, in Latyne, Greeke, Hebriew, had for a tytle
These woords, *Here's Iesus, Jewes King, of Nazareth*, added.

Chiefe *Jewes* tooke Iesus prickt, whip't fro the crowne to the ankles,
Faynt, weake, and feeble, scarce able for to be creeping :
Yet they layd on a Crosse, his shoulders heauily loading,
Dryuing him foreward, til he fell downe vnder a burden,
Burden with deaths pangs, plagues, griefs, and horror abounding.

Chrifte and Crosse faln downe, by chaunce one *Symon* aproached,
Whoe to be Crosse-caryer, by the prowd Priests then was apoynted,
Crosse-caryer to a place, that in Hebriew's *Golgotha* called,
Place of deadmens sculls : where Chrifte they speedily Crossed,
Feete and hands with nayles, with great nayls all to be mangled :
And, for a greater spyte, two theeues they cauld to be hanged,
Hanged on eyther syde, and Chrifte almighty betweene them.

Chrifte once nayld to the Crosse, now euery knaue is a craking,
Prowd-harted Pharisees, fell Scribes, hypocritical Ealders,
Captens, and Souldyers, greate, smalle, fro the Priest to the Pyper,
Wagging theyre wise heads, laughing, and scornefully tauntynge,
Thou that sau'st others, now saue thy self from a mischif,
Thou that buyldst temples with a tryce, come downe fro the gallows,
Come Gods deare dearling, come King of *Jews* fro the gybbett,
Leape from a Crosse to a Crowne, from a cursed tree to a Kingdome.

Chrifte, (ô louing Chrifte, long suffering Chrifte) thus abused,
Gauc not a check for a taunt, but alas very hartly prayed,
Father forgeue them, forget this villany Father.

Hark and mark that thief, (that thief eu'n brought to the last gaspe)
How he reuyles his Lord : Peace thiefe, geue care to thy fellow,
Wee for a synfull lyfe with death are iustly rewarded,
But Christs synles lyfe hath noe death duly deserued :

Thou Chrifte, thou Iesus, thou Lord vouchsaufe to remember
Mee, mee, synfull wretch, mee, when thou comst to thy kingdome.

Chrifte heard and sayd thus, Thy prayers shalbe regarded,
This day in Paradise with mee thou shalt bee receaued :
O blest thief, curst thief, Sheepe, Goate : Therefore let a synner

Not

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Not despaire, one thiefe is sau'd in an howre in a moment:
But let a sinner feare, let a sinner not be presuming,
One thiefe only repents, and seapes in an howre, in a moment.

Christs coate was seameles, for a signe of an absolut, endles,
And perfect kingdome: this coate soe fitly coherent
And all-wrought ouer, was nothing toucht by the souldyers,
Nor torne in peeces, nor cut, nor parted among them,
But lotts cast, that some one man might wholly receaue it,
That, what was foretold, might haue effectual ending.

Christe now hangs on a tree, suffring vsuffrable horrors,
Torments for mans sins, and Gods vnspeakable anger:
Whylst Christe is suffring, whylst fearefull pangs be approaching,
Sunne for Gods Sons grieffe doth greeue, and gyns to be lowring:
Hydes his darckned face, lets golden rayes be eclipsed,
Seeing Light of light with pricking thorns to be crowned:
Heu'n and earth is darck fro the sixth howre vnto the nynth howre,
Heu'n and earth laments, and euery thing is a mourning:
Heu'n and earth laments, whylst Iesus Christe is a dying,
Heu'n and earths comfort, heu'n and earths only reuyuing.

But now Christe gan faint, with an infinit agony troubled,
And *Ely Ely*, and *Lamasababai* cryed,
Father, deare Father, why should thy Son be refused?

Then bitter vineger they raught, when he sayd, that he thirsted,
Which Christe once tasting, said; Father, now it is ended,
Thy will's fulfilled, thy lawes and heast be obeyed,
Take my sowe to thy hands; Then his head he began to be bowing,
With those woords his life and endles passion ending.

Scarce did he yeeld his breath, but straight fro the top to the bottom,
Templs vayle was rent, and torne, and broken asunder,
Earth did quake, stones brake, graues op'ned, dead-men appeared.

Then captens, souldyers, men, matrones, all the beholders
Smote theyr breasts, and said, this man was son to the mighty,
Whose strange death eu'n makes lyue dead, and dead to be lyuely.

Christe is dead in deede, his bones neede not to be buryed:
Yet for a further proufe, his side was speedily pearced,
Pearc't with a speate, and thence pure blood, pure water abounded.

Then noble *Ioseph*, with faithfull friend *Nicodemus*
Did begg of *Pilate*, that blessed corps of *Iesus*,
Tooke it downe fro the crosse, fine linnen duly prepared,
With Myrrh and *Aloes* themselves it carefully wadded,

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

And in a late-made tombe, wherein was no-body chested,
That sweete corps (sweete corps of Christe almighty) reposed,
Rolled a stone to the graue, and so all heavy departed.

Yet these Priests left not, til they had watchmen apoynted,
And graues stone sealed, least Christe might chaunce to be stollen
By his wel-willers, as they then vainly pretended;
Sots, fooles, and mad-men, stil against this prick to be kicking,
And stil against this streame, this sacred streame to be striuing.

For when third day came, there came with a terrible earthquake
Gods Angel fro the skies, and rold that stone fro the graues-dore,
And there sate for a while: his face was like to a lightning,
His robes white as snow, which made those watchmen amazed,
And half dead for feare: but th' Angel spake to the women,
(Two *Maries*, comming of purpose, for to anoynt Christe
With precious spices, with sweete odoriferus oyntments)
You seeke here for Christe, here Christe is not to be sought for,
Christe is quickned againe, and risn', as he truly reported,
And foretold his friends; in *Galyly* there wil hee meete them,
Loe, where lately hee lay: feare not, but boldly report it.

As they ran to report, Christ Iesus plainly appeared,
And met them by the way, and bade them not be amazed,
But bring news to the rest, that he would in *Galyly* see them.

This doone, and they gone; poore watchmen ran to the Citty;
And told all to the Priests; whoe then with an obstinat error,
And wilfull blyndenes, these watchmen largely rewarded,
Willing them to report, and tell this abroad to the people,
That Christs disciples stole him by night fro the watchmen,
Whylst they lay sleeping. Which heresy stoutly, to this day
Stifneckt *Jews* mainteines: ô curst and damnable error,
O hard-hearted *Jewes*, that giue more care to a hyreling
And brybed souldier, by the prowd Priests falsly suborned,
Than to the truth it self with soe great glory reuealed,
Than to the eyes which saw, to the eares which heard, to the fingers
And to the hands which felt that which was truly reported,
Hands which felt Chrysts hands and feete and sides to be wounded,
Eares which heard his woords and blessings sweetely deliured,
Eyes which saw and knew, that Christe in *Galyly* walked,
And foure times ten dayes in diuers places appeared:
Eyes which saw Christe eate, and then fro the earth to be lifted
Vp to the highest heu'ns, and there with glory receaued

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emannel.

On Gods owne right hand with iurisdiction endles :
Vntil he come to be Iudg of quick and dead, by the thundring
Sound of a fearefull trumpe : and bring his sheepe to the sheepfold
Immortall sheepfold, and goates throw downe to the darcknes
Æternall darcknes, fro the sacred face, fro the presence
Of God, there to abyde with *Lucifer* and his adherents,
Plagud with a dying life, with a lyuing death, with a roaring,
Weeping, and gnashing of teeth, and horrible howling :
Where's nought but woe, woe ; but a worne stil greedily gryping,
Nought but a loathsome lake with fyre and Sulphur abounding.

FINIS.



The first Psalm.

O Thrice happy the man, that lends noe eare to the counsaile
Of soule-sick sinners; nor frames his feete to the footestepps
Of backsliding guydes: nor sets him downe with a scorner
In the maligning chayre, that makes but a mock of *Olympus*.

But to the liuing Lords edicts himself he referreth,
And therein pleasures and treasures only repositeth:
Night and day by the same his footesteps duly directing,
Day and night by the same, hart, mynde, soule, purely preparing.

This man's like to a tree, to a tree most happily planted
Hard by a brooke, by a brooke whose streames of siluer abounding
Make this tree her fruite, her pleasant fruite to be yeelding,
Yeelding fruite in tyme to the planters dayly reioycing.

This tree's rooted deepe, her bowes are cherefully springing,
Her fruite neuer fades, her leaues looke liuely for euer:
This man's settled sure, his thoughts, woords, dayly proceedings
Happy beginnings haue, and haue as fortunat endings.

Sinners are not soe; they and theirs all in a moment,
All in a moment passe past hope, grace, mercy, recou'ry,
As weight-wanting chaffe that scattreth in euery corner,
Whyrled away fro the earth, hence, thence, by a blast, by a wyndepuffe.

Woe to the scorner then, whose soule wil quake to be iudged,
Quake, when it heares that doome by the Iudg almighty pronounced:
Woe to the sinner then, noe settled sinner aproacheth
Neare to the sinles Saints, where ioy and glory aboundeth.

For, the triumphant God doth stil looke downe to the godly,
Their wayes well knowing, and them with mercy protecting:
But the reuenging Lord hath threatned a plague to the godles,
And theyr wayes shal away, and they themselues be a wayling.





The sixth Psalme.

Lord forbear to rebuke, forbear, and stay thy reuenging
Hand, in thy greate wrath and indignation endles.
Heale my wounds, my God, take some compassion on mee;
My bones are bruyfed, my strength is wholly decayed,
My soule is troubled, my mynde extreamely molested,
How long shall thy wrath, and these my plagues be prolonged?

Turne yet againe, good God, thy woonted mercy remember,
And this soule, poore soule, for thy greate mercy delyner.
Saue my life from death, in death noe worthy remembrance
Of thy name is founde: and keepe my soule fro the dungeon,
Infernall dungeon, where noe tongue yeelds any prayfes.

My hart with groanyng, my soule is weary with anguish,
Euery night doe I wash my carefull couch with abounding
Streames of trickling teares: my flesh is myghtyly troubled,
My color all faded, my former bewty decayed,
For feare, all for feare of such as seeke to deuoure mee.

But get away, get away all you that woork any myschief:
My sighes ascende vp, my prayers pierce to the heauens:
And such as my soule with grieve vnworthyly vexed,
With shame and sorrow shall worthyly soone be requyted.





The eyght Pſalme.

O Prince all-puyſant, ô King al-mighty ruling,
How wondrous be thy works, & how ſtrange are thy proceedings?
Thou haſt thy greate name with moſt greate glory reposed
Ouer, aboute thoſe Lamps, bright-burning Lamps of *Olympus*,
Eu'n very babes, yong babes, yong ſucking babes thy triumphant
Might ſet forth; to the ſhame of them which iniury offer,
Eu'n to the ſhame of them which damned blaſphemy vtter.

When that I looke to the ſkies, and lyft myne eyes to the heauens,
Skies thine owne hand-work, and heauens fram'd by thy fingers;
When that I ſee this Sunne, that makes my ſight to be ſeeing,
And that Moone, her light, light half-darck, dayly renewing,
Sunne dayes-eye ſhynnyng, Moone nights-light chereful appearing,
When that I ſee ſweete Starres through Chriſtal ſkies to be ſprinckled,
Some to the firſt ſpheare fixt, ſome here and there to be wandryng,
And yet a conſtant courſe with due reuolution endyng.

Then doe I thinck, ô Lord, what a thing is man, what a wonder?
O what a thing is man, whom thou ſoe greatly regardeſt?
Or what a thing's mankynde, which thou ſoe charyly tendreſt?

Thou haſt man, this man, this bleſt man mightyly framed,
And with abundant grace, with abundant dignyty crowned,
Not much inferior to thy ſweete cæleſtial Angells.

Thou haſt giu'n hym right and iuriſdiction ouer
All thy wondrous woorkes, thou haſt made hym to be mayſter,
Hym chiefe mayſter on earth, right Lord, and abſolut owner
Of beaſt, fowle, and fiſhe on th'eath, ayre, water abyding.

O prince all-puyſant, ô King al-mighty ruling,
How wondrous be thy woorks, and how ſtrange are thy proceedings?





The nine and twentieth Psalm.

YOU Kings and rulers, you Lords and mighty Monarchaes,
Whose hands with scepters, and heads with crownes be adorned,
Kneele to the King of Kings, and bring your dutiful offerings;
Lowt to the lyuing Lord; ascribe all might to the mighty
Alwayes-mighty Monarch: and learne to be rul'd by the ruler,
Which heu'n, earth, and hell, rul's, ouerrules in a moment.

For this is only that one, whose thundring voyce fro the clustred
Clowds breaks foorth and roares, and horror brings to the whole world.
For this is only that one, whose feareful voyce fro the heauens
Cedars, tall Cedars, teares, rents, and ryues fro the rooting,
Cedars of *Libanus* constrayns lyke calues to be leaping:
And Cedar-bearing *Libanus*, with frightened *Hermion*
Lyke to a yong Vnicorne makes here and there to be skipping.

For this is only that one, whose threatnyng voyce, the deuouring
Lightnyngs flakes throwes downe, and terror brings to the deserts,
Teares downe trees and woods, makes hyndes for feare to be caluyng,
And that forelorne waste of *Cadesb* for to be tremblyng.

Euery voyce his voyce, his prayse, and glory pronounceth,
His sacred temple with his honnor dayly resoundeth.
Ouer gulfs and deepes his royall throane he reposeth,
Ouerwhelmyng gulfs, and drownynge deepes he represseth,
And stil a lyuing Lord, stil a King almighty remayneth,
And yet a father stil: for he leaues not, stil to be sendyng
Strength to his owne elect, and inward peace for a blessing.





The eyght and thirtith Psalm.

S Courge mee not, my God, whylst thy wrath's skyndled against mee,
Put mee not to rebuke, in thyne vnspcakable anger.

For, thy darts, ô God, dead darts, and dangerus arrowes
Stick fast, fast to my hart, ô Lord, stick fast to my hart roote,
And thy hands, sore hands presse and oppresse mee with anguish.

In my flesh noe health; in bones noe rest is abyding,
Thy wrath plagues my flesh, my syns to my bones be a poyson.
My syns, woefull wretch, my syns now growne to a fullnes
Ouergrow my head, curst head, and keepe mee stil vnder,
Lyke to a burden alas, my back too heavily loading.

My carefull carkas with sores lyes all to be wounded
Festring sores with grosse corruption euer abounding,
Festring sores and wounds from my synfull folly proceeding.

My pain's soe greuous, my griefe soe greate, that it vrgeth
Mee wyth a pale dead face, and crooked lymes to be creeping.

Myne inflamed loynes are filld with filthy diseases,
And noe part vntutcht, noe pcece vnwounded apeareth.

Faynt and feeble I am; sore bruyed, soe that I can not
But roare out for griefe of sowle, and horrible anguish.

Lord, thou knowst my desire, thou seest my dayly bewaylings:

Hart hartles doth pant, and strenghtles strength is abated,

Sightles sight is gone, and fryends vnfryendly departed,

And vnkynde kynsmen my wounded carkas abhorring

Looke; but a greate way off, but come not neare to my comfort,

Thus forsaken I am, forlorne, contemptible abiect.

They that sought my life, layd secreete snares to betray mee,

And, to deuoure my blood, conspyred dayly togeather.

And I, for all this, alas, poore foole, stood scellyly sylent,

Lyke to a man that's deaf, and seem's not a woord to be hearing,

Lyke to a man that's dumbe, and fear's his mouth to be op'nyng:

For,

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

For, my fayth and trust in thee, my Lord, I reposed,
Thou muſt pleade my cauſe, and by thee I muſt be defended.

Lord, I deſyre that theſe my foes may not be triumphing
Ouer a contrie ſoule: for when my foote was a ſlipping,
Then they laught and ſcornd, and ſeem'd to be greatly reioycing.
And in truth, my God, my plagues are dayly renewed,
And my bleeding wounds lye alway open afore mee,
Alwayes in my fight; for I muſt and will my deteſted,
Fylthy deteſted lyfe confeſſe, with an heauy remembryng
Harty repentyng ſoule. But, alas, my deadly malignyng
Foes are much increaſte, in might and number abounding.
Theſe men alas, for that my ſoule theyr fylthynes hated,
Life with death, ô Lord, and good with bad be requyting.
Helpe, ô Lord my God, make haſte, draw neare to the needy,
Help, ô God my Lord, and my ſaluation only.



The fiſtith Pſalme.

GOd, the triumphant God, th'eternall greate God of all Gods
Hath ſent forth Summons with a thüdring voyce fro the heaues,
World-warnyng Summons, commaunding all in a moment,
All from th'eſt to the weſt, to be preſt, and make an aparance,
And performe theyr ſuyte to the court, to the greate, to the high court,
Greate high Syons court, ſweete Syon: where hee appeareth
With ſurpaſſing grace, exceeding bewty abounding.

God ſhal come, ſhal come with a voyce al-mightyly founding;
Greedy deuouring fyre ſhal goe with glory before hym,
And bluſtring tempeſts ſhal roare with terror about hym.
Heu'n from aboue ſhal hee call, and quaking earth to be wytnes,
Of this iuſt edict and ſentence rightly pronounced.

Bring my Saints, ſayth God, goe bring my Saints to my preſence,
Which haue vow'd theyre harts, and ſworne theyr ſowles to my ſeruyce;
And of this iudgment from iudg almighty proceeding,

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Those bright-burnyng gloabes of Christal-mantled *Olympus*,
Shalbe reporters true, and alwayes shalbe recorders.

Heare mee, my deare flock, and thou, *ô Israel*, heare mee,
Heare me thy God, thy Lord; and know, that I am not agreed,
Nor displeased a whytt, for want of custumed offerings
Burnt offerings, sacrifice, and Honnors due to my altars.
What doe I care for a Goate? or what doe I care for a Bullock?
Sith Goates, and Bullocks, and beasts that range by the deserts,
Sith cattell feeding on a thousand hills be my owne goods?
Myne owne proper goods be the fowles that fly to the mountaynes,
Myne be the beasts that run by the fyelds, and watery fountayns.

If that I hunger, alas what neede I to tell thee, I hunger?
Sith that th'earth is myne, and all that on earth is abyding.
Thinck not, thinck not, alas, that I take any ioy to be eating
Bulls flesh: thinck not, alas, that I take a delyte to be dryncking
Goates blood, guyltles blood: but make acceptable offering
Of thanks-geuyng hart, and pay thy vowes to the highest.
Call me to help, when soe thou findest thyself to be helples,
Cry for grace, when soe thou thinckst thy sowe to be past grace:
And I wil heare, and help, giue grace, and strongly protect thee,
And thou lawde, and loue, sing, serue, and woorthyly prayse mee.

But with a frownyng looke, this God spake thus to the godles;
With what face dar'st thou my sacred name be prophanyng
With those lying lipps, and mouth with murder abounding?
With what face dar'st thou with a tyled tong be professing,
And by defyled lyfe, and towled sowe be denying?
With what face dar'st thou for an ostentation only
Seeke to reforme others, thyself soe fowly deformed?
When thou meet'st with a thief, thou seek'st by theft to be thryuyng,
And walk'st syde by syde as a copsemate fit for adulterers.
Thy mouth's made to beguyle; and monstrous villany vttereth,
Thy lipps let forth lyes: thy tongue vnruly defameth
Thyne owne mothers sonne: these, these be thy holy proceedings,
These be thy works; & sith that I seem'd for a while to be sylēt, (thoughts,
Thou thoughtst (wicked thought) my thoughts were lyke to thy owne
And soe runnst headlong. But I come; but plagues be apꝛoaching,
And when I come, then I stryke, whē I stryke, thē I beate thee to powder.
Thy bloody thoughts, lewde words, vile deeds wil I open in order,
And shew all to thy face: which thou shalt see to thy sorrow,
Know, and acknowledg to thy owne confusion endles,

You

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emannel.

You that forget God, thinke on this; least hee remember
And forget not you; but roote you out in his anger,
Then shall no man come, your damned sowles to delyuer.

Prayse and thancks-giuing is a most acceptable offering;
And, if a man by my lawes his conuersation order,
Vnto the same I myself wil my saluation offer.



The threescore and thirteenth Psalm.

GOD, th'eternall God, noe doubt, is good to the godly,
Giuing grace to the pure, and mercy to *Israell* holy;
And yet, alas, my feete, my faynt feete gan to be slyding,
And I was almost gone, and fall'n to a dangerus error.

For, my soule did grudge, my hart consumed in anger,
And myne eyes disdayng'd, when I saw, that such men abounded
With wealth, heath, and ioy, whose myndes with myschif abounded.
Theyr body stowt and strong, theyr lyms stil lyuely apearing
Neyther feare any panges of death, nor feeble any sicknes:
Some still mourne, they laughe; some lyue vnfortunat euer,
They for ioy doe triumphe, and taste aduersityty neuer,
Which makes them with pryde, with scornful pryde to be chayned,
And with blood-thirsting disdaigne as a roabe to be cou'red.
Theyr fare is delicate, theyr flesh is dayntyly pampred,
Theyr eyes with fatnes start out, theyr greedy deuouring
Gutts, swell with swylling; and, what fonde fancy desyreth,
Or lewd lust lyketh, that fortune fryendly asordeth.

Themselus most synfull cause others for to be synners
With theyr poysn'd breath, and vile contagious humors;
They check, scorne, controlle, looke, ouer looke, with a lordlyke
Imperious countnance; theyr mouth fowle blasphemy vttereth,
And fro the forlorne earth, to the heu'ns disdaingfully mounteth.

This surpassing pompe and pryde allureth a number
Eu'n of Gods owne flock, (flock weake and weary with anguish)

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Vnto the self same trade, which makes theyr glory the greater.
Tush, say they, can God, fro the highest heu'ns to the lowest
Earth, vouchsauf, thinck you, those Princelike eyes to be bowing?
Tis but a vaine conceipt of fooles, to be fondly referring
Euery iesting trick, and trifling toy to the Thundrer.
For loe, these be the men, whose soules are fear'd with an yron,
And yet these be the men, whoe rule and raigne with abundance;
These, and whoe but these? Why then, what meane I to lift vp
Cleane hands, and pure hart to the heu'ns? What meane I to offer
Praise and thanksgueing to the Lord? What meane I to suffer
Such plagues with patience? Yea, and almost had I spoken
Eu'n as they did speake, which thought noe God to be guying.

But soe should I alas, haue iudgd thyfolk to be luckles,
Thy sons forsaken, thy saincts vnworthily haples.

Then did I thinck, and muse, and searck what might be the matter,
But yet I could not, alas, conceaue soe hidden a woonder:
Vntil I left myself, and all my thoughts did abandon,
And to thy sacred place, to thy Sanct'uary lastly repayred.

Then did I see, O Lord, these mens vnfortunat endings
Endings meete and fit for their vngodly beginnings.

Then did I see how they did stand in slippery places,
Lifted aloft, that their downefalling might be the greater.
Lying Lord, how soone is this theyr glory triumphant
Dashed, confounded, gone, drownd in destruction endles?

Their fame's soone outworne, theyr name's extinct in a moment,
Lyke to a dreame, that lyues by a sleepe, and dyes with a slumber.

Thus my soule did greeue, my hart did languish in anguish,
Soe blynde were myne eyes, my mirrle soe plunged in error,
That noe more than a beast did I know this mystery sacred.
Yet thou heldst my hande, and keptst my soule fro the dungeon,
Thou didst guyde my feete, and mee with glory receauedst.

For what in heu'n or in earth shal I loue or woorthyly wonder
But my most good God, my Lord and mighty Iehoua?

Though my flesh oft faint, my hart's oft drownd in horror,
God neuer fayleth, but wil be my mighty protector.

Such as God forsake, and take to a slippery comfort,
Trust to a broken staffe, and taste of woorthy reuengement.

In my God therefore my trust is wholly reposed,
And his name wil I praise, and sing his glory renowned.

The hundred and fourth P/alme.

LYuing Lord my soule shall praise thy glory triumphant,
Sing thy matchles might, and shew thine infinit honnor.
Euerlasting light thou puttst on like as a garment,
And purple-mantled welkyn thou spreadst as a courtayne :
Thy parlor pillers on waters strangely be pitched,
Clowdes are thy charyots, and blustering wyndes be thy coursers,
Immortal Spyrits be thy euer-dutiful Harrolds,
And consuming fires, as seruants dayly be wayting.

All-maintaining earths foundation euer abydeth
Layd by the Lords right-hand, with seas and deeps as a garment
Cou'red; seas and deepes with threatening waues to the huge hills
Clyming; but, with a beck theyr billowes speedily backward
All doe recoyle; with a check their course is changd on a soddaine;
At thy thundring voyce they quake: And soe doe the mountaines
Mount vpward with a woord; and soe alsoe doe the valleys.
Downe with a woord discend, and keepe their places apoynted:
Theyr meares are fixed, theyr bancks are mightily barred,
Theyr bounds knowne, least that, man-feeding earth by the rage of
Earth-ouerwhelming waters might chaunce to be drowned.

Stil-springing fountaines distil fro the rocks to the ryuers,
And christall riuers flow ouer along by the mountaines:
There will wyld asses theyr scorched mouthes be refreshing,
And field-feeding beasts theyr thirst with waters abating.

There by the wel-welling waters, by the syluer-abounding
Brookes, fayre-flying fowles on flowring bancks be abyding,
There shall sweete-beckt byrds theyr bowres in bows be a building,
And to the waters fall theyr warbling voyce be a tuning.

Yea those sun-burnt hills, and mountains all to be scorched,
Cooling clowds doe refresh, and watery dewe fro the heauens.

Earth sets forth thy woorks, earth-dwellers all be thy wonders:
Earth earth-dwelling beasts with flowring grasse is a feeding;
Earth earth-dwelling men with pleasant hearbes is a seruing.
Earth brings harts-joy wine, earth-dwelling men to be hartning,
Earth breedes chearing oyles, earth-dwelling man to be smoothing,
Earth beares lifes-foode bread, earth-dwelling men to be strengthening,
Tall trees, vp-mounting Cedars are chearefully springing,

The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel.

Cedars of *Libanus*, where fowles they neasts be preparing;
And Storkes in Firr-trees make their accustomed harbors.

Wylde goates, doaes, and roaes dooe roue and range by the mountains,
And poore seelly conyes to the ragged rocks be repaying.

Night-enlightning Moone for certaine tymes is apoynted,
And all-seeing Sunne knows his due tyme to be sitting.
Sunne once soe sitting, darck night wraps all in a mantle
All in a black mantle: then beafts creepe out fro the dungeons,
Roaring hungry Lions they pray with greedy deuouring
Clawes and iawes attend, but by Gods only apoyntment:
When Sunne riseth againe, theyr dens they quickly recouer,
And there couch all day: that man may safely the day time
His dayes woorke apply, til day giue way to the darknes.

O good God, wise Lord, good Lord, and only the wise God,
Earth sets forth thy woorks, earth-dwellers all be thy wonders.
Soe be seaes alsoe, greate seaes, full fraught with abundant
Swarms of creeping things, great, small: there, shipps be a sayling,
And there lyes tumbling that monsterus huge *Leuiathan*.
All these begg theyr foode, and all these on thee be wayting;
If that thou stretch out thyne hand, they feede with abundance,
If thou turne thy face, they all are mightily troubled;
If that thou withdraw their breath, they dye in a moment,
And turne quickly to dust, whence they were lately deriued,
If thy spirite breathe, their breath is newly created,
And the decayed face of th'earth is quickly reuiued.

O then, glory to God, to the Lord then, glory for euer,
Whoe in his owne great woorks may worthily glory for euer.
This Lord lookes to the earth, and stedfast earth is a trembling,
This God toutheth mounts, and mountains huge be a smoaking.
All my life wil I laud this Lord; whylst breath is abyding
In my breast, this breath his praise shall stil be a breathing.

Heare my woords, my Lord, accept this dutiful offering,
That my soule in thee may euermore be reioycing;
Roote the malignant race, race out theyr damnable offspring;
But my soule, ô Lord shall praise thy glory triumphant,
Sing thy matchles might, and shew thyne infinit honor.

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FINIS.

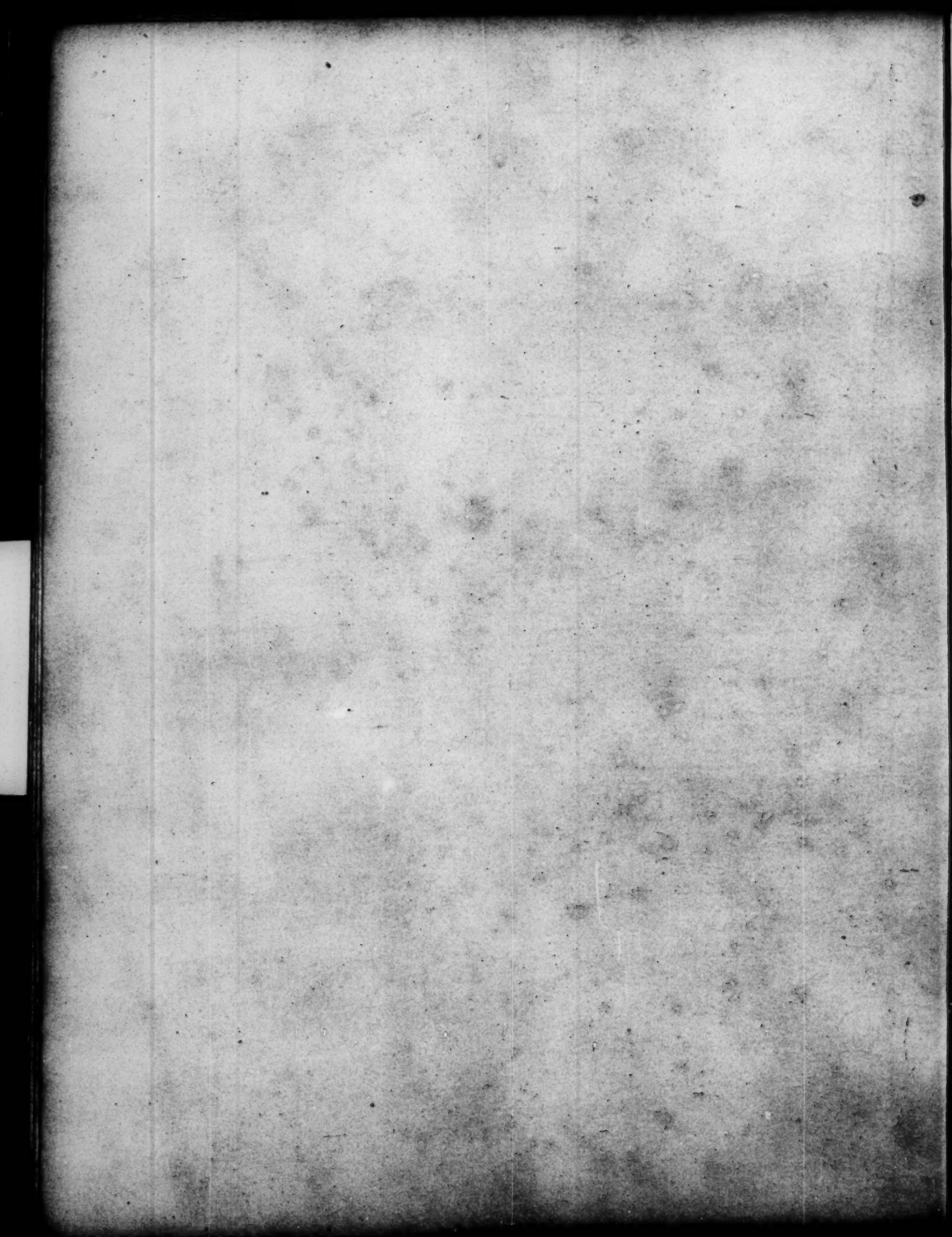
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